

### THE CASHIER'S DREAM.

At midnight, in his little bed,  
The cashier dreamt about the time  
He'd clean the bank of every cent  
And seek some other time.

He saw the vaults all clean and bare,  
He heard the tick directors swear  
And people howling in the street  
For wealth they'd never see.

He saw the experts try to fix  
The sun and take out ticks  
He saw the triumph of tricks  
And gave a happy shiver.

The wealth was in his hands,  
The dust, the ink, the soap, the grease,  
And therefore he could smile in peace  
And take his onward way.

But hold—a change! He saw a man  
With looks of black despair  
Come up and join the angry clan  
And stamp around and swear.

He said that bank was not his own,  
To hunt and find that tick cashier,  
And then he'd make the cat  
Because his wealth was gone.

He saw this man, like a keener hound,  
Take up the trail and hunt;  
He tried in vain to find the sound,  
The man came to the front.

He caught the cashier, and he broke  
His head in with a heavy stone,  
And then the bank cash or awoke  
And said he would reform.

### A RUINED WONDERLAND.

Its Destroyer Being a Most Terrible Volcanic Eruption.

New Zealand's Volcanoes Send Forth  
Oceans of Molten Lava—The Roman-  
tic Hot Lake District Destroyed  
—Death and Desolation.

The recent volcanic eruption was the most terrible ever known in the history of New Zealand. Mount Tarawera and its twin cone Ruawhaka, in the Hot Lakes district of the North Island, which have hitherto been classed as extinct volcanoes, burst suddenly into activity. Immense volumes of flame were projected to a great height. Dense clouds of smoke and steam obscured the sky, while vivid flashes of forked lightning played through the pall of smoke in all directions. Several violent shocks of earthquake added terror to the scene. More than one hundred natives perished.

The district affected by the disaster is known as the wonderland of the world. Tarawera mountain, the scene of the volcanic eruption, lies north and south, rising from the south end of Tarawera lake, two miles from Rotomahana. It is about 2,800 feet high, with three towers and a central extinct crater, the formation of which is beyond the memory of man. Its surface of bare volcanic rock contained no vegetation. Although there are, or were, two craters on the top of the mountain there has been no eruption within the memory of man, and the Maoris had no tradition whatever respecting this mountain. Mount Tarawera is about ten miles from the settlement of Te Wairoa village, which lies between Rotorua lake and Tarawera lake, about two hundred feet above the latter, connected by the Wairoa stream. Two years ago Tarawera was about three miles in length, rose to nearly the boiling point. This was considered a most remarkable phenomenon, as the lake was always cold before. There was also a very strong outflow down the Wairoa valley into Tarawera lake, lasting for a day. Since then the Rotorua mountain, at its normal state. The shores of Tarawera lake are rugged, and rocky, and steep; its waters deeply and darkly blue. The lake extends some seven or eight miles longwise, and is five or six miles in breadth. The three flat cones of Tarawera mountain, which loom lofly to the southeast, 2,000 feet above the sea level, and eastward, through a gap in the ranges, the towering peak of Mount Edgecumbe is plainly visible. Through that gap in the ranges runs Tarawera's outlet Awa o te Atua (river of the gods), past Edgecumbe and away on to the bay of Plenty. At some distance from its source the river forms a magnificent waterfall.

The Rotomahana was one of the smallest lakes of the lake district. It is now a volcano. Its form is very irregular on the south side, where the shore is formed by a swamp; three small creeks are meandering and discharging themselves into the lake. In many places of those swamps warm water streams forth, but mud pools are also visible here and there, and from the projecting points muddy shallows covered with swamp grass extend almost as far as the eye can reach. At its north end the lake grows narrower. The quantity of boiling water issuing from the ground, both on the shores and the bottom of the lake, is truly astonishing. There are three principle springs to which the lake owes its fame. First of all is the Te Tarata at the northeast end, with its red, reddish sides thirty or forty feet high, and open only on the lake side, toward the west. The basin of the spring is about eighty feet long and sixty wide, and filled to the brim with perfectly clear, transparent water, which, with the snow-white encrusted basin, appears of a beautiful blue, like the blue turquoise.

The flat-spreading foot of the terraces extends far into the lake. The terraces commence with low shelves, containing shallow water basins. These small water basins represent as many natural bathing basins. Some of the basins are so large and deep that one can swim about in them. During violent water eruptions from the main basin storming cascades may occur. At ordinary times but very little water ripples over the terraces, and only the principle discharge on the south side forms a hot, steaming fall. After reaching the open crater there is an extensive platform, with a number of basins, five or six feet deep, their water showing a temperature of 90 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. In the middle of the platform arises, close to the brink of the basin, a kind of a rock island, about twelve feet high, decked with manuka, mosses, lycopodium and fern. It may be visited without danger, and from it the curious traveler has a fair and full view into the blue boiling and steaming caldron. Such was the famous Te Tarata. It is now feared that this beautiful wonderland has been destroyed. The terraces are buried in lava, and the villages of the Maoris have been driven away.

As regards Auckland the first intima-

tion received of the terrible catastrophe was the sound of loud explosions as of heavy guns, and from elevated positions in the city the flash of an artillery was distinctly visible. The impression on the minds of those who witnessed these phenomena was that a vessel was ashore at the Manukau heads and was firing signals of distress, and as there appeared to be more than one fired at a time it was thought to be a Russian man-of-war which was known to be on the coast.

News was flashed from Rotomahana that a dreadful night had been passed. Every man, woman and child thought his end had come. The sensation was fearful and indescribable. It commenced about one o'clock in the morning by several severe shocks of earthquake. The vibrations were strong and frequent. The windows in the houses rattled violently, the feeling being similar to that on board of a vessel in a storm. People were running about frantically, when all at once a great shock was felt, which was followed first as that of an earthquake, and a great glare appeared upon the horizon.

The scene was grand, but awful toward Rotomahana. The flames were distinct, with huge volumes of smoke, with sparks of electricity illuminating the whole sky, and it appeared as if hundreds of bright stars were chasing one another. When this was at first seen by those who were outside they rushed about calling people up. Males and females of all ages left their homes and a general rush was made for Ngatata mountain for safety. Many left their homes in the night, and some carried shawls around them, mothers carrying babies or young children with but one arm, to flee from the devouring element which was expected at every moment to engulf the entire community, so great was the terror of the people.

At about 12 o'clock the vibrations lessened, but they by no means ceased. About four o'clock there was a shower of ashes similar to sand, supposed to be lava.

Mr. McRae, the hotel keeper at Wairoa, gave your correspondent the following account of the destruction of his hotel. "About 12 o'clock the vibrations began to shake and shook continuously for an hour before the eruption broke out. When this was first seen, it was just like a small cloud on the mountain, with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. All were got out of bed and went up to the old mission station to see what the cause of the disturbance was. We saw a sight that no man who saw it can ever forget. Apparently the mountain had three craters, and the flames were shooting up fully a thousand feet high. There appeared to be a continuous shower of balls of fire for some time. As a strong wind was blowing on, we returned to the hotel, and shortly afterward what seemed to be heavy hailstones came pouring on the roof, which continued about every quarter of an hour. This was succeeded by a heavy fall of stones, fireballs and mud, the lava falling after the whole of the upper story collapsed, the debris falling into the rooms below. We left the smoking-room, and went into the drawing-room, which, as it was the newest part of the house, we thought would stand the longest; but it was with the greatest difficulty that we got out, going through the falling stones and mud which impeded us. The back part of the house, in which was the dining-room, gave way next, and all of a sudden we heard a fearful crash and roar as if thousands of tons of stuff were falling, and we heard the alcony come down. At this we agreed that what we had seen was the end of ourselves, and with this object we determined to leave the hotel. At 6:30 I went up to the residence of the Hazard family. The house was in ruins and in flames. I then could see no signs of Mr. and Mrs. Hazard and their children. I went to a glimpse of daylight, and commenced to dig for the bodies of the Hazards, and to our great astonishment discovered Mrs. Hazard alive. Her two children were found dead beside her, but she was not greatly injured. We continued operations until we were quite exhausted, but found no more bodies.

Between one and two o'clock in the morning the inhabitants of Tarawera were startled by repeated and vivid flashes of lightning, shooting at intervals of a few minutes from a dense mass of black cloud, extending along the southern sky. The electrical display continued through the night, and toward seven o'clock a leaden-colored cloud slowly advanced from the direction of the hill behind Mr. Jonathan Brown's property until reaching Matapihi. It appeared to hang for a short time, after which it again advanced and burst upon the town and district in a heavy shower of fine sulphuric dust, which covered the entire neighborhood with total darkness. About 8:30 this partly cleared away, but only for a few minutes, after which it returned with increased density, and ere long had again wrapped the town and suburbs in complete darkness. The dust, which emitted a sulphurous smell, soon formed a coating upward of half an inch in thickness over the ground.

Mr. H. R. Burt, native agent, who has just come to town, says he camped at Okaro lake, five miles from Rotomahana. He went to bed about two o'clock, and was awakened by a rumbling noise like that of an earthquake. He went outside the door, but could see nothing, although it was a clear night. The noise proceeded from Tarawera. He looked round again and saw a huge mass of flame rise in the heavens, and instantly lava and smoke covered the ground. Soon after a volume of lava issued from Runanga, close to Tarawera.

The scene on the mountain-top was awful. Large balls of fire were thrown from the gaping mouth toward Taupo, this accompanied by terrible reports which shook the whole place. Forked lightning followed close upon the balls of fire; it resembled the wriggling of snakes, and returned to the crater, forming the letter "V." This was most wonderful phenomenon. The roar was tremendous, resembling the heaviest thunder. As each piece of hillside slipped into the open basin, large clouds of black dust rose out of it, and ascended to the heavens. The fall of lava was so rapid that there seemed to be a continuous stream of lava, and the Maoris have been driven away.

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### FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

#### THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

Gertie and Jack's search for a Pot of Gold.

Gertie, aged ten, and Jack, aged six, stood looking out of the great wide-open doors in grandpa's barn, whither they had fled for shelter from the shower which had come up suddenly and interrupted their play.

The sun was shining brightly, and through the fast-falling rain-drops they saw a beautiful bow spanning the southeastern sky. It was so sharply defined that one could almost see the exact spot in the meadow where the arch started, while the other end seemed to rest at the foot of a great Norway pine, which stood like a solitary sentinel high up the hill in Grandpa's Marsh's pasture.

The shower was soon over, and the beautiful picture vanished.

"Gertie," said Jack, excitedly, "did you see where the rainbow stopped?"

"Yes," said Gertie, "it was at the foot of the Norway pine." "Let's go and dig for the pot of gold."

It was a belief that had been instilled into the minds by their German nurse, that at the foot of every rainbow there was buried a brimming pot of gold.

Gertie hesitated. The grass and bushes were dripping from the shower. She feared that if she asked permission of grandpa to go to the pasture to dig for the pot of gold, he would not let her go.

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animal snuffing about their faces. Jack threw out his hands, and they came in contact with the animal's coarse, thick hair. He saw two eyes gleaming like balls of fire in the darkness. Both children were paralyzed with terror. They supposed that the bear had found them. Suddenly their nocturnal visitor began to bark furiously. There came a great revulsion of feeling.

"It's Wover! it's Wover!" exclaimed Jack.

Soon they heard a distant shout, and in a few minutes they could see a light dodging in and out among the trees. It came nearer, and they could see that it was a lantern, and that it was borne by Reuel, grandpa's hired man. A dinner horn was tied to his waist.

"Bless my stars!" said Reuel, "here are the folks we're after!"

Reuel put the horn to his mouth and gave three loud blasts. A moment later, there came answers from all around them. Reuel repeated the signal, and soon forms with lanterns were seen coming from all directions. One of the first to arrive was grandpa, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the others, insisted upon taking Jack on his shoulder and starting for the house.

Reuel caught up Gertie in his strong arms and followed. An hour later the rescuing party reached Grandpa Marsh's residence. The house was full of women. Grandpa's eyes looked as if she had been weeping. She gave a glad cry when she saw the children, and almost smothered them with kisses.

It was long after midnight when Jack and Gertie were taken to their beds, but, despite the lateness of the hour, grandpa and grandma did not retire until they had read, with very moist eyes, the first nine verses of the fifteenth chapter of Luke.—*Edgar L. Warren, in Congregationalist.*

#### ABOUT A LITTLE PRINCESS.

The Lesson by Which She Was Broken of Her One Great Fault.

Once upon a time there lived a Princess. She was a very pretty little girl, with eyes as blue as the violets that grew by the meadow-brook, and cheeks as pink as wild roses, and hair as golden as sunshine. And all the people loved this little Princess because she was so kind and lovable. But she had one great fault, and that was—practicality.

Sometimes this little yellow-haired Princess would be playing with her dolls or reading a story-book, when her mamma would say:

"Ida, dear, run up-stairs and fetch me a spoon of silk from my table."

Ida would answer, with a sweet smile:

"In a minute, mamma."

One minute would go by, and another, and a great many more.

"Oh yes, mamma, as soon as I finish this chapter."

"Now, Ida."

"In just a minute, mamma." But the chapter was sure to be finished, with perhaps another one, before the silk would be fetched.

It was not only once, but all the time.

"What can I do?" sighed the Queen, to her trusty counselor. "I must break her of this dreadful habit some way, or when she comes to rule a kingdom of her own all will go to wrack and ruin."

"Teach her a lesson—what you may," said the trusty counselor, gruffly.

"Teach her a lesson—a good lesson!" And one day the Queen remembered her trusty counselor's words. The little Princess came bounding in, to be dressed for a drive, with her blue eyes shining, and her yellow hair tossing about her face, and her cheeks pinker than usual, which is saying a good deal.

"We're going up to the Mountain Castle for lunch, mamma," cried she, "and home around by the lake! And Lillian says her uncle can't wait but a minute, and won't you hurry, mamma, and get me dressed?"

Mamma, the Queen, was reading a book, and she hardly raised her eyes from it, but answered, with a smile:

"In a minute, dear."

So the little Princess fidgeted restlessly from one foot to another for what seemed to her a long, long time.

"Won't you, mamma?"

"Oh yes, dear, as soon as I finish what I am reading."

Wasn't it awful? The blue eyes of the little Princess began to look like violets after a shower; and the voice of the little Princess trembled.

"But they can only wait a few minutes, mamma," she pleaded. "Oh, do hurry!"

"Right away," answered mamma, calmly.

### FOR SUNDAY READING.

#### FRIEND.

(John 15: 14. Revised Version.)

No longer I call you servants,  
Yours is a dearer place,  
Nearer and sweeter still to me,  
In the light of my Father's face.

No longer I call you servants;  
Henceforth you are my friends,  
To every one who obeys Me  
Be the light to call Me Friend—

With a friend's dear right to follow  
Wherever my footsteps lead,  
And a friend's full right to counsel,  
Whatever the care and need.

For you must need first to ask Me  
That I may send you forth to live,  
As the friend who came to save.  
From anxious thought of the morrow,  
And strife with sorrow cease.

Remember the love I left you,  
The gift of My perfect peace.  
It is not an empty tale  
That I bid you truly cease.

Now that I write upon you  
The pure and hidden name,  
No longer I call you servants,  
Henceforth, till time shall end,  
To each who in love and faith  
I have given the name of friend.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

#### A SIMPLE TEST.

"If Any Man Do His Will, He Shall Know of the Doctrine of the Truth."

It is a matter of prime importance and no small comfort to know that our Lord Himself has put the question of the revelation of God easily within the reach of every sincere inquirer that may know his own heart.

While the scientists are proposing prayer tests, and the philosophers are discussing the abstract reasonableness of Christianity, and the half-learned multitude are arguing pro and con the question of miracle and inspiration, our Lord is saying to us and to all men:

"If any one is sincere and desirous of knowing the truth of himself, he may know it without any appeal to scientific experiment, philosophical inquiry or rationalistic disputation. If any one is willing to do God's will as set forth by Me, he shall know in himself in the doing of that will that the doctrine is of God."

There is a great wealth of comfort in this Divine declaration. First, it puts this personal assurance within the reach of every man, so that none who is sincerely desirous of knowing the truth need be without that knowledge.

Second, it puts the knowledge of the truth in such a way that every man knows for himself, and is not dependent upon the arguments or testimony of others. It even makes him in a sense independent of the abstract questions of inspiration as applied to the Scriptures, or to the historical questions that enter so largely into the current discussions relative to the Divine origin of Christianity.

Inward knowledge of the truth of the doctrine of Christ is a personal possession which one may carry about with him always, and is so intimately associated with a personal fellowship with God and with Christ, that it must inevitably lead to exaltation and nobility of life.

The man who thus knows by doing the will of God. It is akin to that knowledge which is the result of true faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. When unseen things are made substantial realities, which they are to the true believer, he is in the self the best of evidence as to their truth.

What greater blessing can a man have than a personal knowledge of the reality of the unseen things of God? And yet this is that which our Lord guarantees to the simple minded and honest inquirers after truth. The things which are unseen to his eye and beyond the hearing of the ear, and if you please, beyond even the power of human reason to demonstrate, are by His Spirit shown to us to be as real and substantial as the things which we see and hear with our eyes and ears.

The question may arise in the minds of many: "Why then are any persons in doubt?" The answer is simple. Those who are in doubt are either indifferent to the knowledge professed to be desired or are unwilling to obtain the knowledge of God and Christ at the cost of doing His will. We are aware that many will deny this, but the evidence of the truth of the assertion is in the fact that those persons who most earnestly and sincerely strive to do the will of God, as that will is set forth by Jesus Christ, are they who have the greatest assurance of the truth of the doctrine of Christ and the greatest personal comfort in their communion with God.

While, on the other hand, those persons who are seeking to know the will of God and get their alleged doubts solved in some way other than by bringing their wills into subjection to the will of God are devoid of all personal knowledge and comfortable experience.

There is great reason why this simple test should be made by Christ. The end of conversion is to bring the alienated will of man back to God. Therefore God has hinged the knowledge of Himself and the blessings of His great salvation on the surrender of the will. "Everyone who will come unto Me that he might have life," "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely," "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" was the first word uttered by the great apostle when he found himself in conflict with Christ. We wish, therefore, to urge upon any of our readers who are perplexed as to the truth of the Divine Revelation in Christ, and who are seriously desirous of knowing the truth beyond all question, to lay aside all other lines of evidence and means of knowledge, at least for the time being, and begin honestly and sincerely to do the will of God. It does not matter much where one begins. Take the New Testament and read on until you come to the very first precept given by Christ, and begin honestly to put that precept into practice. If you can't let your enemies go, you can let your prayer for them, and do it with a good will, and in a manner of evil things against you; and, to go to the matter with a little more system, if that method suits you better, begin by systematically "seeking to do the will of God (as did the Lord) rather than your own will." (John, v. 30.) We little know how thoroughly we are entrenched in our own will and way until we begin habitually to seek the will of God, and do it because it is His will. The apostle prayed for the Colossians (1, 9), that they might be filled with the knowledge of the will of Christ, in all spiritual understanding; that they might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

To those so seeking to know and striving to do the will of God, he declares that they shall be "strengthened with all might according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." This is to have the spiritual knowledge of God in one's soul.

The will of God contained in the Scriptures is revealed to the prayerful heart who approaches the Word as did the Psalmist with his simple "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." To do the will of God one must also love it, as did Christ the Lord, who declared that it was more to him than his life. But we need no pursue this matter further. It is a simple matter, and until one has exhausted this test of sincerity, and to the full sought a solution of doubts and difficulties as to the truth in this prescribed way, let him not complain that the truth is beyond finding out, and that he needs the score of insufficient proof of the truth of God, as revealed in His Word. It is only the perverse unbeliever who will refuse Christ's way of putting unbelief to rest.—*N. Y. Independent.*

#### A LIFE THAT TOLD.

The Successful Career of a Modern Crusader in the War Against Evil.

Thirty years ago the region about the London docks contained as large a heathen population as any district in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity. The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling-halls. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were imprisoned in this parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out of the church